

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XIII.

Time passed on, and the week was gone. On the morning of the day which had been set for the last to be spent in these regions by the two lovers, Paul arose with a dizzy, aching head, for the night just passed had been one of unrest and anxiety.

Ben Martin was now so far recovered that he needed only rest and care, and the wounded men were also out of danger; so Paul left no one who needed his assistance. Up to the present time he had not made up his mind how he should manage with regard to Burnington. He had the fullest confidence in that man, though there was yet something about him which he could not fathom. At length, however, he resolved to write a brief statement of his plans without letting the man know anything about where and how he was going; so he went down to the cabin, and having made sure he was not observed, he took a sheet of paper, and with a pencil he wrote as follows:

"Burnington—When you open this I shall be on my way from those who have thus far proved only a curse to me. Should you ever wish to see me again, you will find me with my friends in America. If I have any such there, you know where to find me. I have no more to tell you, for you evidently know more about them than I do. With regard to this matter, I have not given you my full confidence, it is true, and I am sure that you have not confided the half of your knowledge concerning myself to me. But I hope to see you again."

The youth sealed this letter, and at the first opportunity he slipped it into Burnington's hand, saying, as he did so: "You will not open this till after dark—till midnight. Will you promise me?"

"Certainly," responded Buffo, in blank surprise.

"Then take it, and be sure that no one else sees it. Remember, now, you are not to open it until well into the night." Burnington would have asked many questions, but there was no opportunity, so he slipped the letter into his bosom, and then turned away; but he did not keep his promise, for in half an hour afterward he had read the letter, and his face showed that he was troubled.

After dinner Paul told the captain he was going up to the castle. Laroon smiled a bitter smile as he heard this, but he made no objection. Paul made up a bundle of linen which he said he should get washed, and within that he concealed a full suit of Billy Mason's clothes; and thus prepared, he called away his boat's crew, and went over the side. He had taken all the money he could raise that he felt free to use, in all amounting to thirteen hundred dollars—for, of course, the prize money of the Russian corvette had not yet been distributed, and Paul had not dared to ask for any of it, for fear of exciting suspicion.

The castle was reached, and the crew had pledged themselves to obey their young commander to the very letter, and he faithful to his interest. He knew he could depend upon them, and he felt no uneasiness on that score. Billy Mason had been thoroughly instructed in the part he was to play, and he was prepared for it. The portcullis was raised, and the boat passed under it and was moored at the landing stairs close by the building.

Paul found Mary waiting for him with much anxiety, but her countenance brightened as soon as she saw her lover, for she knew by his looks that all had gone right thus far.

"Are you ready?" was the youth's first remark, as soon as they had secured a situation by themselves.

"Everything is done that I can do," he hastily answered.

"Then I think we are safe. No one is going—none save Buffo Burnington."

"And does he know?"

"Yes; or rather he will know, for I wrote him that we were going."

As the night drew on they both grew nervous and uneasy, and Mary was sure that she could hear the beating of her lover's heart as she stood next to his side. Billy Mason had watched the coming darkness, and as soon as he thought he could do so without being discovered he crept into the boat and hid himself under the thwarts. A little while afterward Paul went to the boat, and as soon as he found that the youngster was there he repaired at once to Mary's apartment, where he found a lovely girl—the very beau ideal of a handsome sailor. The youth next went to see that the corridor was clear, and having found it so, they passed over to the maiden's sleeping room, which was on the front of the building. The window was carefully raised, and Paul could see the dusky forms of three of his men below. He whistled very slowly, and they whistled "All safe."

It was but a few moments' work to knot three linen sheets together, and with these Paul lowered the girl safely to the ground. Just as she touched terra firma a dark form came gliding up from beneath the shade of the wall, and Mary would have cried out in alarm had she not recognized her faithful Otehsa.

"Heaven bless and protect you!" murmured the noble-hearted slave girl, at the same time throwing her arms about her mistress' neck. But she was too wise to detain the party, so she only added, after she had received a kiss and a blessing in return:

"I shall not leave here until I am sure you are safely off. Be not afraid of detection from your absence to-night, for I will see that no one enters your apartment."

There was one warm pressure, and then the faithful girl glided away just as Paul came out upon the veranda.

"Hallo, my men," cried the youth.

"Ay, ay," responded one of the crew.

"Come—look alive. We must be off as soon as possible, for I promised to be on board early. To your oars at once."

Near the landing stood several of the male servants, all of them willing tools of the pirate captain; but they did not recognize their young mistress beneath her disguise, and with a trembling step she descended to the boat. But she had not the power to lift an oar; she sank down upon the thwart where young Mason should have sat, with her powers of both mind and body about her.

Quickly leaped to his seat, and he saw at once how Mary was situated; but there was no danger of detection now, for it was too dark for those on the landing to see the movements of those in the boat, and the heavy portcullis came down with a low, grating sound. Both Paul and Mary breathed more freely. The barrier was passed, and the road was open.

At this moment they reached a point which Mary designated as the place where Otehsa had concealed a bundle of her clothing. The boy was pulled in to the shore, and beneath the cover of an overhanging rock was found quite a bundle. This was taken on board, and they started down the stream.

At length they came to the point of land where Paul had resolved to land, and the boat was again laid in by the shore. The youth helped Mary out, and then he landed himself. The gold he had concealed about his person in leathern belts, and the diamonds were in a small bag which Mary carried. Turning to his crew, he said:

"Now, my brave boys, you will remain here and wait for me until daylight, and if I do not return by the time you can see the distant mountains plainly, you may return to the boat, and there you may answer your captain as you please. Now, I am about to leave you. Most of my shipmates have ever been kind to me. You have the warmest love of my grateful heart. Farewell."

Paul would have turned away at once, but Billy Mason sprang forward and caught his hand, and the rest followed his example. He embraced the noble fellows in turn, and uttered one simple word more of farewell, and then turned away.

CHAPTER XIV.

The night was quite dark, and as Paul and his companion struck into the wood path, the way became almost impenetrable gloom. Once, at a few rods distant from the shore, he stopped.

Fortunately the path was a very clear one, for it led to the wide opening where the horses were kept, and was consequently much traveled. In half an hour they reached the opening, and here Paul caught a horse. He had already concealed a bridle there, which he readily found, and as soon as the animal was prepared with his fixtures, Mary was helped upon his back. The youth took his seat behind her, and then started on. The animal proved to be a kind and gentle one, and he kept the path without difficulty.

It might have been near midnight when the fugitives came to the open country that bordered upon the small bay where the fishermen's huts stood, and by this time the stars had begun to peep through the breaking clouds, but the moon had not yet risen. Paul rode at once to the first hut where the luggers lay, but he had no time to enter it, for he was met by a man who struck him with fear. His next movement was to make his way to the east where lived the man who was to have taken command of the lugger. He knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by the man whom Paul most wished to see.

"How is this?" asked our hero. "You were to have everything ready for sailing by an hour before midnight."

"To-morrow was the day set," said the fisherman, looking perplexed. "You said you might be here in the evening, but at any event, by an hour before midnight. Did you mean to-day?"

Paul saw that the man was honest in what he said, and he saw, too, where the mistake had come in. The fisherman had planned to sail on the morrow, and they had confounded the evening and midnight of this morning with the close of the day they had set. It was surely a blunder, blundering piece of work on their part, and so Paul felt it to be. But there was no help for it now but to get ready as he could, and the good sense of the youth had the good sense not to bother them by finding too much fault with their carelessness.

"How long will it take you to get ready?"

"Oh, only a few hours. I can call up the men, and have all ready soon."

Paul promised him a hundred dollars, and this had the effect of hurrying matters somewhat; but they were further delayed by the tide being out. Those were painful moments to Paul. There he stood, or rather walked upon the pier, and thought of how all this might have been avoided.

"Oh!" he uttered to Mary, at the same time clasping her hands in agony. "If these dolts had possessed the intelligence of common sheep, all this might have been obviated, and we should now, at this moment, be on our way. We should have been free! Oh, 'tis too bad—too bad! See how slowly the sluggish tide comes in."

And then Paul walked away to the side of the rough pier and then back again; and this he repeated many times. Ever and anon he would stop and look at the water where it gathered about the rudder of the lugger, and he wondered why it did not rise faster. Every moment seemed an hour to him, and the lazy element appeared to gain nothing.

But the water was not to be forever in rising, and at length the rudder was covered and in a few moments more the old lugger began to rise up. The moon had now risen, and it was quite light, for the clouds had all broken away. Paul helped Mary on board, and then conducted her below, where there was a rude sort of cuddy partitioned off for the sleeping quarters of the crew, and this he had secured for Mary's own use, having planned to sleep himself on deck under some mats which the fisherman promised to provide. He selected the best bunk he could find, and then set about arranging the bedding so that Mary might take as much physical comfort as possible. Thus he was engaged when the men on deck began to gather in the shore fasts, and he knew from the feeling of the vessel that she was very near about, for he could hear her keel grating upon the sand.

"We shall be off ere long," he said to his companion. "Now you lie down, and I will go on deck and help get the old thing off."

"What was that? I heard a voice—someone hailing the vessel, I thought," uttered Mary, turning pale.

Paul leaped upon the deck and a slight noise that made his heart beat still. A dozen men were standing upon the pier, directly alongside the lugger, and in advance of the rest he saw the short, square form of Mari Laroon.

"Ah, my boy," cried the pirate captain, leaping on board as he spoke, and at the same time motioning for his men to follow him. "We have once more met. You have no idea how anxious I have been."

"Back, back, sir!" uttered the youth, drawing a pistol from his bosom as he spoke. "Lay a hand upon me and you shall die."

"What—would you shoot your own father?" said Laroon.

Before Paul could reply he was seized from behind, his pistol taken from him, and his arms pinioned. Some of the men had come up back of him without his notice. As soon as this was done, Mari Laroon started for the companion way and disappeared down the ladder, and in a moment more there came a sharp, wild cry up from the cabin. Paul started, and with his feet he knocked down two of the men, but he could do no more, and while he was yet struggling, the captain reappeared, leading Mary by the arm.

"Now, my son," he said, as he came near to where Paul stood, "we will be on our way back, for you have been

away long enough. Don't you begin to feel homesick?"

The youth was now too much disgusted to speak. He had wit enough to see what caused Mary's likeness of manner. The captain had evidently been fearing that they were gone past catching, and thus to come upon them so easily raised his spirits.

The pirate had something upon his tongue to say, but he kept it to himself. He led Mary from the deck of the lugger, and his followers went after him with Paul. Laroon spoke a few words with the fishermen, and then turned up toward a clump of cocoa trees, where a number of horses were hitched. He spoke no more until he had reached the horses, and then he said only enough to inform those who guarded Paul how they were to dispose of him. During this time Paul had been wondering how all this came about. Either the boat's crew must have been discovered, or Laroon must have been one of the castles, or Burnington must have turned traitor. He disliked to think the last thing, and yet it would hold the most prominent place in his mind.

"Look ye, Paul," uttered the pirate captain after he had assisted Mary to the back of his horse, "where is your boat and the men you had with you?"

The youth hesitated a moment, but he quickly understood that if he did not answer this question plainly his boatmen might have to suffer, so he answered:

"They are waiting where I left them. I suppose, I told them to wait for me until daylight, and that if I did not return then, they might go on board."

"Very considerate, to be sure," responded Mari with a bitter sneer. "I asked no more, and would have ridden off at once, had not Paul detained him."

"Unbind me," said the youth. "I shall not try to escape alone."

The captain pondered upon it a few moments, and then gave directions for unbinding the "boy's" hands. This was done, and then the pirate chief started off on, and in a moment more his men followed him, Paul riding the horse he had come down on, and which had been left by the cocoa trees. For some distance no word was spoken. Paul rode by the side of Philip Storme, the second lieutenant, and he knew this officer to be friendly to him.

"Storms," he said, as soon as he was sure no one else would hear him, "at what time did the captain leave the brig? Do not fear to trust me, for I give you my word that whatever you may say shall never be used to your prejudice. Tell me, if you know."

"Well, he left about 9 o'clock."

"And when did he return for you?"

"He took us with him."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO SCARE FOOTPADS.

Just Click a Silver Half Dollar Against a Button.

A friend of mine tells me how he once fooled a couple of footpads. He was going home at a late hour of night when he noticed a man walking in the same direction a few rods ahead of him. His suspicion was excited by the fact that the man had not been there a moment before, and that there was no house in that block for him to have come from. He concluded that the man must have come from behind a tree. This suspicion was increased to something like certainty when he suddenly discovered that another man was walking behind him.

As they approached the middle of the open block—an excellent place for a hold-up—the man in front walked more slowly while the one behind quickened his pace. My friend was pretty thoroughly frightened by the conviction that they were closing in on him with criminal intent. His first thought was to seek safety in flight, but pride on the one hand and fear of being caught by them on the other prevented him from doing this.

Then, in his extremity, a brilliant idea struck him. He was utterly unarmed, having not so much as a pocket-knife about him, but he took a silver half-dollar from his pocket, tapped it twice in quick succession on one of his bone coat-buttons, producing a sound similar to the cocking of a pistol, and, turning suddenly, pointed his finger at the man behind him, saying:

"I'll give you one minute to get out of range."

The man instantly took to his heels, shouting as he did so:

"Run, Bill! He's got a gun."

The fact that the other man immediately ran away in an opposite direction convinced my friend that he had made no mistake in guessing them to be footpads.—Brooklyn Eagle.

BONES KEPT SEPARATE.

Even After Death and Decay Caste Line Is Closely Drawn in Mexico.

In Mexico the ground devoted to cemeteries is usually very limited, consequently the interment of a new body involves the digging up of the bones of some one buried many years before. In a corner of such cemeteries is an open pit into which these exhumed bones are thrown. At Saltillo, where I practiced some years ago, the pit in one of the cemeteries had been more than filled, and quite a mound of bones showed up above the ground.

In following one of my patients to this cemetery I had noticed the dumping pile, and with a doctor's love of bones resolved to try to get some.

I approached the old sexton, who lived on the ground, I explained to him that I was a doctor, and wanted the bones to study the makeup of my patients, and offered to pay him a fair price for such as I should select. He denied my request, telling me that that was a private cemetery, and for no consideration could he permit a single bone to be taken therefrom.

He informed me, however, that if I would go on about a half mile farther I would come to a public burial ground where there was also an overflowing pit, from which there would be no objection to my helping myself. "But," he added, soberly, "they may not be the kind of bones you need in your business. Only poor people are buried out there." I looked at the old fellow closely, but his face was sphinxlike. To this day I can't say whether he was trying me or expressing an honest opinion.—Eagle Pass correspondence of Galveston News.

A politician roasts on the fence because there are voters on both sides of it.

Truth is certainly stranger than fiction to many people.

Perhaps the best of a pay is allowed to thicken so it can't leak out.

E. R. CARTER.

J. B. CARTER.

Z. R. CARTER & BRO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Grain and Hay

Halsted and 16th Sts.,

Telephone Canal 27.

CHICAGO

GETTING A HEAD

Arthur's Stylish S2 Hats

ARE JUST RIGHT IN STYLE AND QUALITY

New Fall & Winter Blocks

ARE HERE NOW AND ONLY \$2.00

ARTHUR FEILCHENFELD

FISCHER BUILDING, 81-83 EAST VAN BUREN ST.



ARTHUR

M. P. Byrne Construction Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Sewers, Water Works, Conduits, and Electric Plants a Specialty.

ROOM 30,

88 East Washington Street.

A. H. BARBER & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Butter, Cheese, Eggs & Poultry

COLD STORAGE

229-231 SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE MAIN 2018

ASK FOR
Coune's
BREAD.

VIENNA, ENGLAND,
COUNTY FAIR,
DADDY DOLLAR,
CREAM OF MALTY.

AT ANY GROCERY.

Coune's Bakeries,

164-166 Madison St., and 179-181 Lake St.



An Open Door for more business.

THE TELEPHONE

has revolutionized trade methods broadly and brought to the individual opportunities of business growth never before possible.

Why not enjoy the advantages and profit of the telephone

Yourself?

THE BEST SERVICE AT LOWEST RATES.

Chicago Telephone Co. CONTRACT DEPT. 203 Washington St.

FRAZER

ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!
The Best Axle Grease
WORLD.
FACTORIES:
New York,
Chicago,
St. Louis.

AXLE GREASE

For Omnibuses, Carriages, Wagons, Drays and Threshing Machines.

FRAZER LUBRICATOR CO., MANUFACTURERS

J. F. SMULSKI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

IN ENGLISH, GERMAN AND POLISH.

"GAZETA KATOLIKA," the Best Advertising Medium among the Polish residents of Chicago and America.

APPLY FOR RATES.

D. M. FULMER, Pres. W. C. KUESTER, V. Pres. & Treas. W. J. H. SCHROEDER, Sec.

FULMER, KUESTER, SCHROEDER CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

LUMBER

LATH, SHINGLES AND POSTS

Mill-work and Interior Finish.

SPECIALTY CEDAR POLES AND POSTS

Telephone Lake View 353

BRANCH YARDS: MORTON GROVE, ILLINOIS

Miller: Wellington, Mich.

1455-1475 LINCOLN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

W. A. HINKINS

PROPRIETOR OF THE

Erie Livery and Boarding Stable.

199 TO 201 ERIE STREET,

CHICAGO.

Telephone North 1078.

Strictly High-grade Carriages, Broughams and Light Livery

E. MUELHOEFER & BRO.

UNDERTAKERS.

112 and 114 Clybourn Avenue,

Telephone North 411.

CHICAGO.

PURE as the PUREST

HIGHEST IN QUALITY.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THESE BRANDS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THESE BRANDS.

LOWEST IN PRICE.

NONE BETTER.

The J. C. Grant Chemical Company,

110, 112, 114 West Lake Street,

CHICAGO.